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MAGAZINE



EERIE  
#97  
\$1.25 56320-6

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# EERIE

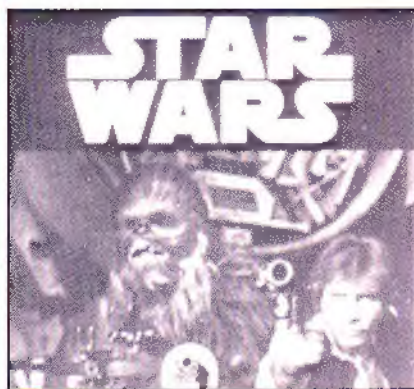
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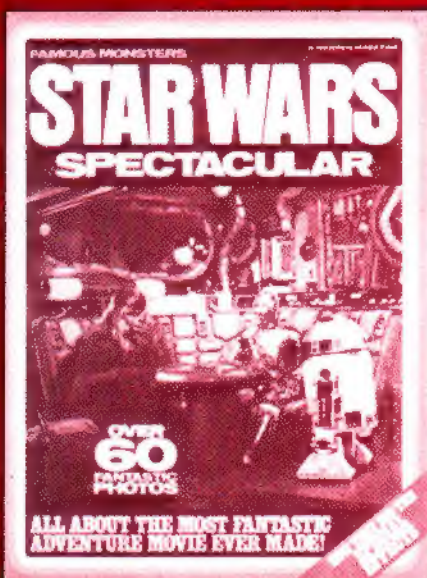
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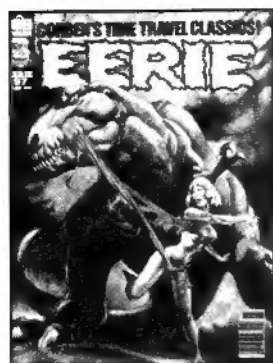
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# EERIE®

## CONTENTS ISSUE No. 97 NOVEMBER 1978

**4 DEAR COUSIN EERIE** Has poor old Mac Tavish bit the dust in our fans estimation or is it just too terrific a series for words? What in heavens name are all those heads in The Shining Sea? So what's the verdict fans?

**5 WITHIN YOU, WITHOUT YOU** He was the only man for the job. She had lost her memory and was trapped in the Cretaceous. He had been her lover and would die for her! And that's why her husband picked and sent him.

**15 TIME AND TIME AGAIN** Karen is so listless. Leyendecker was killed by a Tyrannosaur 100,000,000 years ago. Well, at any rate, that's one reptile you can settle a score with. Use a bazooka, but don't make a mistake!

**25 YEARS AND MIND FOREVER** Well, well, looks as if Leyendecker is still up and around. And he's got something up his sleeve besides visions of grandeur. He's got the ancestor of the human race under a scalpel.

**35 THE COMIC BOOKS** Brancatelli takes exception to the anonymous gremlin of the contents page who is the assistant editor Chris Adames. Otherwise Fandom's Favorite Feature writer reviews the previous 18 months of print!

**36 TERROR BEYOND TIME** An unholy monster from the past is spreading a net of traps across all the eras of time. Golden vortexes suck people down the centuries to a sargasso of numberless civilizations and for what purpose?

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# Dear Cousin Eerie,

**E**ERIE #95 was absolutely great! "Rook: Warrior" was very well done, and I must congratulate **Bill DuBay** for an outstanding job! The cover was beautiful. I haven't seen a "Rook" cover since EERIE #85 and this was Number One! Please have more covers with the Rook on them.

"Nuts" was terrific and I liked the color. I also liked that cute gal Babs O'Tool and her farout outfit! I hope this is a series—it would be terrific!

"Mac Tavish" was also well written—a real combination of *Star Wars* and *Buck Rogers*.

Dear Old Cousin Eerie is improving his magazine... and his image!

**PAUL GOMPertz**  
New York, NY.

Concerning EERIE #94, "The Rook" and **VAMPIRELLA** was good as a team up. I can hardly wait for the ending in #95.

"Honor and Blood" was a sick story as are all Vampire stories. "Dead Man's Ship" was good and weird and had a good ending besides! "Don't Drink the Water" was stupid, sick and dumb. "Bruce Bloodletter of the IRS" was a good story which had a lot of action.

I don't understand, though, why you don't have any movie monsters in EERIE. Can't you draw them, or are they too dumb for comic books?

**KENNY Frewer**  
Acworth, Ga.

 Movie monsters don't appear in EERIE magazine in original stories partly because there are copyright laws against it. **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND** reviews monster films and covers the filmmonster field far better than EERIE ever could.

In EERIE #95 a letter by **Rick Berry** challenged my scientific accuracy in "The Einstein Factor." According to Rick, as an object approaches the speed of light, mass increases and its size becomes infinite. This is not true!

Mass does increase, but size, or more accurately length decreases as shown by the following equations known as the Lorentz Transformations:

$$M_s = \frac{M_o}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{V^2}{C^2}}}$$


$$L_s = L_o \sqrt{1 - \frac{V^2}{C^2}}$$

$M_s$ =speeding mass  
 $M_o$ =standing mass  
 $V$ =velocity  
 $C$ =speed of light  
 $L_s$ =speeding length  
 $L_o$ =standing length

As you can easily see, by substituting numbers for  $V$ ,  $C$  and  $L_o$ , when you work out the equation for  $L_o$  (except when  $V = C$ ),  $L_o$  will be multiplied by a number less than 1 making  $L_s$  a smaller number which means that length will decrease in size. At the speed of light there will be no length!

I guess you can't expect all Warren readers to understand science.

**NICOLA CUTI**  
Beacon Falls, Ct.

 Is there a physicist in the audience? Does anyone know what all this means? The clearest, most pertinent explanations, pro and con, concerning the applicability of the above formulas will be printed and authors will receive a yet-to-be-announced prize.

In my opinion "Divine Wind" was the best story in EERIE #94.

I have dabbled a bit in military history and I was pleased to find in EERIE an account of this unique and rarely illustrated event.

This EERIE version mixed up the 1274 AD invasion with the one in 1281 AD. The majority of the attackers were conscripted Sung Dynasty soldiers. The rest were Mongol and Korean seamen. Also the attackers fought in well ordered formations while the Samurai fought in loose or in no formations at all. The fighting itself lasted two months before the typhoon swept it away. In EERIE #94 there was only one battle.

However, I don't mean to be overly critical of the details of the story. I enjoyed "Divine Wind" tremendously. But being a military historian of sorts it was only natural that those little errors would come to my attention.

The main purpose of this letter is to ask you to print more stories concerning the Mongol invasions of Japan. Those two events would provide a lot of colorful material for stories!

**JEFF YOUNG**  
Honolulu, Hi.

I can sincerely say that EERIE #94 belongs with the **CREEPY** disasters issue. What a bomb! I'd say a nuclear explosion.

Don't you think your readers have put up enough with the Rook? What started out as a great series has turned into an overplayed melodrama filled with cliches. There are just too many characters in that story. Rook has a habit of picking up new characters in every story he's in. I suppose that would be all right, except that I find them lurking around for the next few issues. Aren't they supposed to be quietly removed from the action? By the time EERIE gets up to issue #100, the Rook will have more characters than Louis XIV had children. I suggest you do something soon. One possible solution is to have the Rook and **VAMPIRELLA** get married and move to Drakulon. As for Rook's grandfather, I hope he gets a job on Walton's Mountain. Give the robots to some Sandpeople, please!

**ADAM SCHALLENBURG**  
Glencoe, Ill.

The cover of EERIE #95 was fantastic! Ah, if only **Princess Leia** looked half as good as **VAMPI**!

"The Rook story, "Warrior from the Stars," was up to par. Unfortunately that's what the Rook usually has been lately. And par is pretty low. At first it seemed as if the sky was the limit. Action, adventure and excitement was the name of the game. But now the Rook is in a rut. Why is he being plagued by little old lady scientists and aliens from various time periods? Time travel adventures can be a lot of fun, but they are losing their appeal for me in the Rook episodes. I found "Nuts" very hard to follow, but enjoyed it anyway!

**ED WOJCIK**  
Detroit, Mich.

EERIE #95 was good, nothing to rave about, but **Penalva** is fantastic and the cover was executed with class. It was possibly the best cover I've ever seen on an EERIE Magazine.

"Warriors from the Stars" was the third best story in the issue. The art was just fine.

"Willie's Super Magic Basketball" was the second best. However, I was thrilled with **Rudy Nebres'** inking work which made it, art wise, one of the best stories this year.

"Faster than a Speeding Whozit" was pure fantasy. It was something new and different, although **Alex Nino's** art was only average. "Nuts" was dumb, but it did have a nice coloring job and some of the art was good too.

Your best story this issue was "Harrow House." As usual **Bruce Jones** did the best story, and **Jose Ortiz** was great too. I think it would have made a great one issue story.

"Mac Tavish" is too much like *Star Wars*.

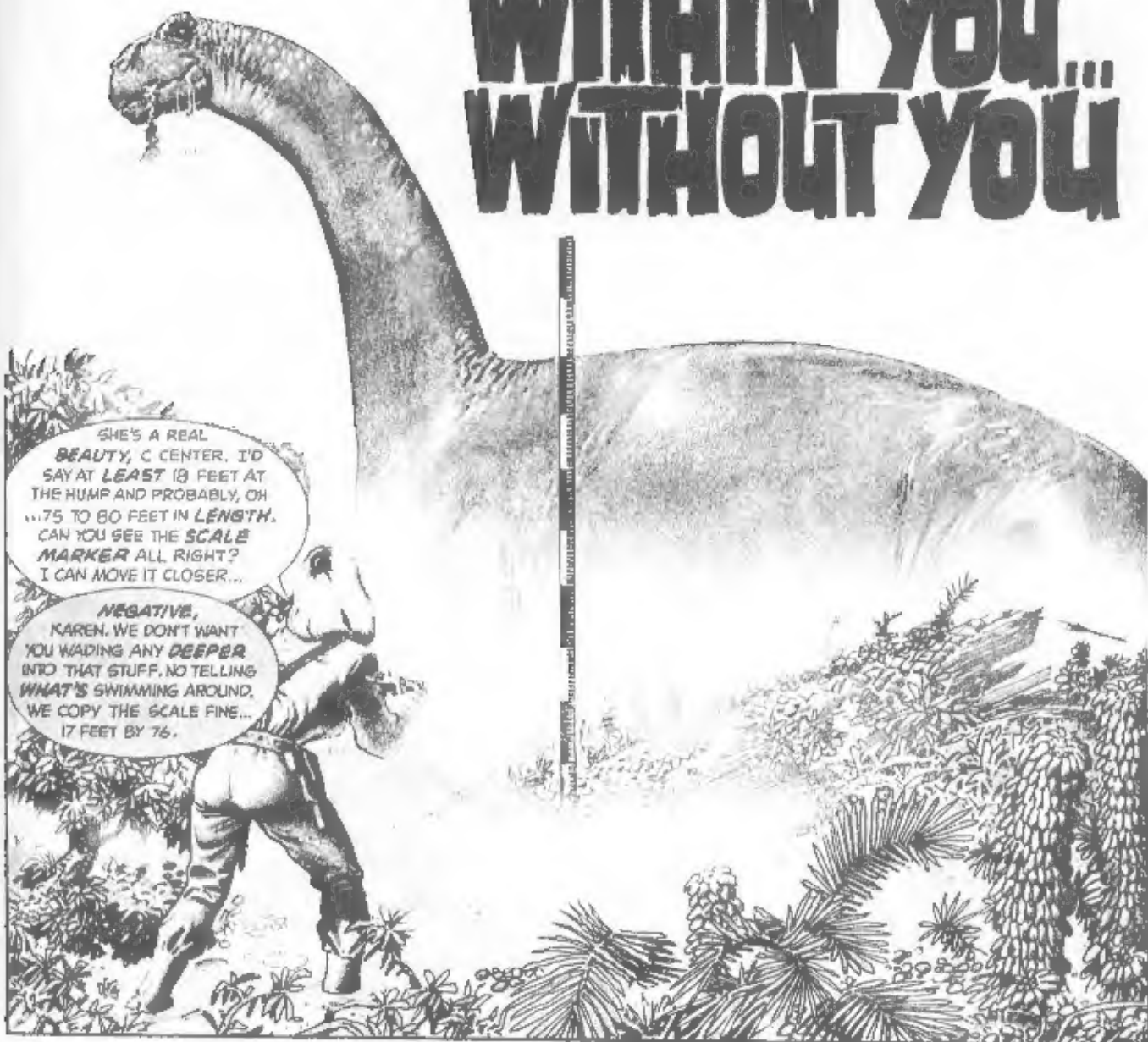
All in all I think #95 was pretty good, but I think EERIE should try harder

**RAY RODECKER**  
Jamaica, NY.

# Dear Cousin Eerie,

**C/O WARREN PUBLISHING**  
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# WITHIN YOU... WITHOUT YOU





FINE, HONEY.  
JUST A FEW MORE  
SHOTS AND WE'LL BRING  
YOU BACK.

WHY DOES SHE  
NEED THE CAMERA?  
CAN'T YOU GET ALL THE  
PICTURES YOU NEED ON THE  
TV MONITOR?

IT'S NOT THE **CAMERA** IN THE **ORDINARY**  
SENSE, WHEN SHE PUSHES THE BUTTON IT MAKES  
A PERMANENT, **INDELIBLE** IMPRESSION ON HER  
**BRAIN CELLS**, ONE OF SUPERIOR DEPTH AND CLARITY  
TO ANYTHING WE COULD PICK UP THROUGH TRANSMISSION.  
WE CAN "**DEVELOP**" THESE PHOTOS AT OUR LEISURE  
WHEN SHE COMES BACK... THAT IS, WHEN HER **MIND**  
COMES BACK.



UH-OH!  
HE'S COMING  
ASHORE! BETTER GET  
OUT OF THERE!

YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO TELL  
ME TWICE!



WE INDICATE A  
2.6 DROP IN YOUR **BODY**  
**TEMPERATURE**, KAREN. BETTER  
GET BACK HERE BEFORE YOU CATCH A  
**CHILL**. WE STILL DON'T HAVE FULL  
DATA ON THE **BACTERIA** OF  
THAT ERA.

OKAY, LET ME  
FIND A **SAFE**  
PLACE TO TM.



TM,  
WHAT'S THAT?

**TRANSCENDENTAL**  
**MEDITATION**, IT'S THE  
VEHICLE WE USE TO BOTH  
**SEND** AND **RETRIEVE** HER.  
THE BASIC PROCESS IS  
QUITE OLD ACTUALLY...  
TWENTIETH CENTURY  
STUFF.



WHAT THE  
HELL--  
**RRRRUMMB!**  
**CLINK!**

**EARTHQUAKE!**  
HIT THE  
**FLOOR!**

**CLATTER!**













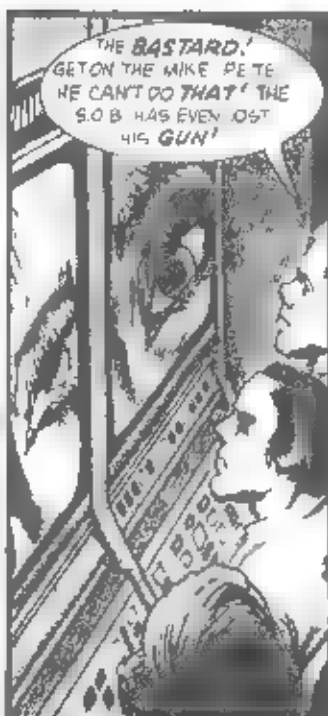




**FORGOTTEN?**  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE  
THAT? WHERE ARE MY  
CLOTHES? WHERE ARE  
WE?



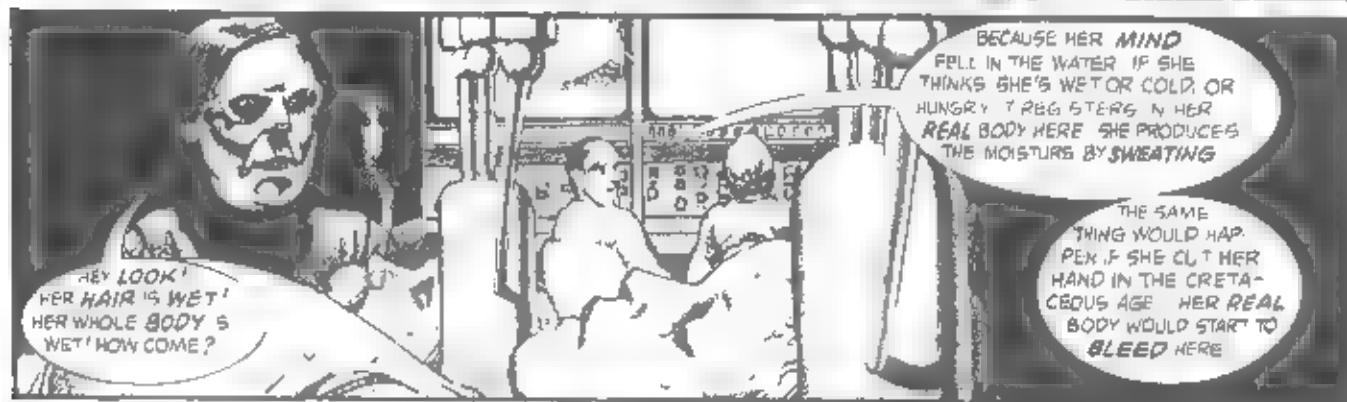
OH, DARLING  
I'M SO CONFUSED.  
SO AFRAID! KISS  
ME!



THE BASTARD!  
GET ON THE MIKE PETE  
HE CAN'T DO THAT! THE  
S.O.B. HAS EVEN LOST  
HIS GUN!



YOU GOING TO LET HIM  
GET AWAY WITH THAT? JUST  
CAUSE HE'S TELEPATHIC HE  
THINKS HE'S A BIG SHOT!  
THERE'S NOT  
MUCH WE CAN DO ABOUT  
IT THERE'S NOT ANOTHER TELE  
PATHIST WITHIN 3000 MILES  
BESIDES, SHE SEEMS TO BE  
ENJOYING IT



HEY LOOK!  
HER HAIR IS WET!  
HER WHOLE BODY IS  
WET! HOW COME?

BECAUSE HER MIND  
FELL IN THE WATER IF SHE  
THINKS SHE'S WET OR COLD, OR  
HUNGRY, IT REGISTERS IN HER  
REAL BODY HERE SHE PRODUCES  
THE MOISTURE BY SWEATING

THE SAME  
THING WOULD HAP-  
PEN IF SHE CLUTHER  
HAND IN THE CRETACE-  
CEOUS AGE HER REAL  
BODY WOULD START TO  
BLEED HERE



OH, DARLING  
OH YES,  
JEFF

JESUS! HOW  
CAN YOU WATCH THIS?  
WHAT KIND OF MAN  
ARE YOU?

HE'D DO IT  
NO MATTER WHAT  
I SAID RUSS, I KNEW  
HE WOULD BEFORE I  
SENT HIM HE  
STILL LOVES  
HER

SHOOTING AT  
HIM NOW WOULD ONLY  
ANGER HIM. HE MIGHT  
NEVER BRING HER  
BACK



CAN'T YOU JUST  
WAKE HER UP?  
WOULDN'T THAT BRING  
HER BACK?

WITH HER BRAIN  
ONLY HALF INTACT? THE  
SHOCK WOULD EITHER KILL HER OR  
LEAVE HER PERMANENTLY RE-  
TARDED NO, ONLY JEFF CAN  
PUT HER INTO THE WE'RE  
HELPLESS...

JEFF?  
JEFF CAN YOU  
HEAR ME? THIS  
IS PETE

WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?

I WANT  
YOU TO BRING HER  
BACK NOW. YOU'VE  
HAD LONG ENOUGH  
TO GET T OUT OF YOUR  
SYSTEM. THIS CAN'T  
WORK. YOU KNOW  
IT CAN'T.

GO TO  
HELL.

IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT--AN EIGHTEEN YEAR  
OLD WITH A FRAGMENTED MIND - KEPT  
ALIVE INTRAVENOUSLY LIKE A VEGETABLE?  
YOU'RE NOT LOVING KAREN, JEFF.  
YOU'RE LOVING AN ILLUSION.

YOU'RE THE  
SCIENTIFIC GENIUS... YOU  
FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET HER  
BACK. MEANWHILE, LEAVE  
US THE HELL ALONE!

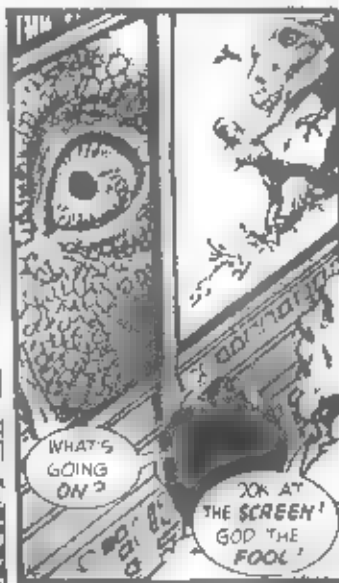
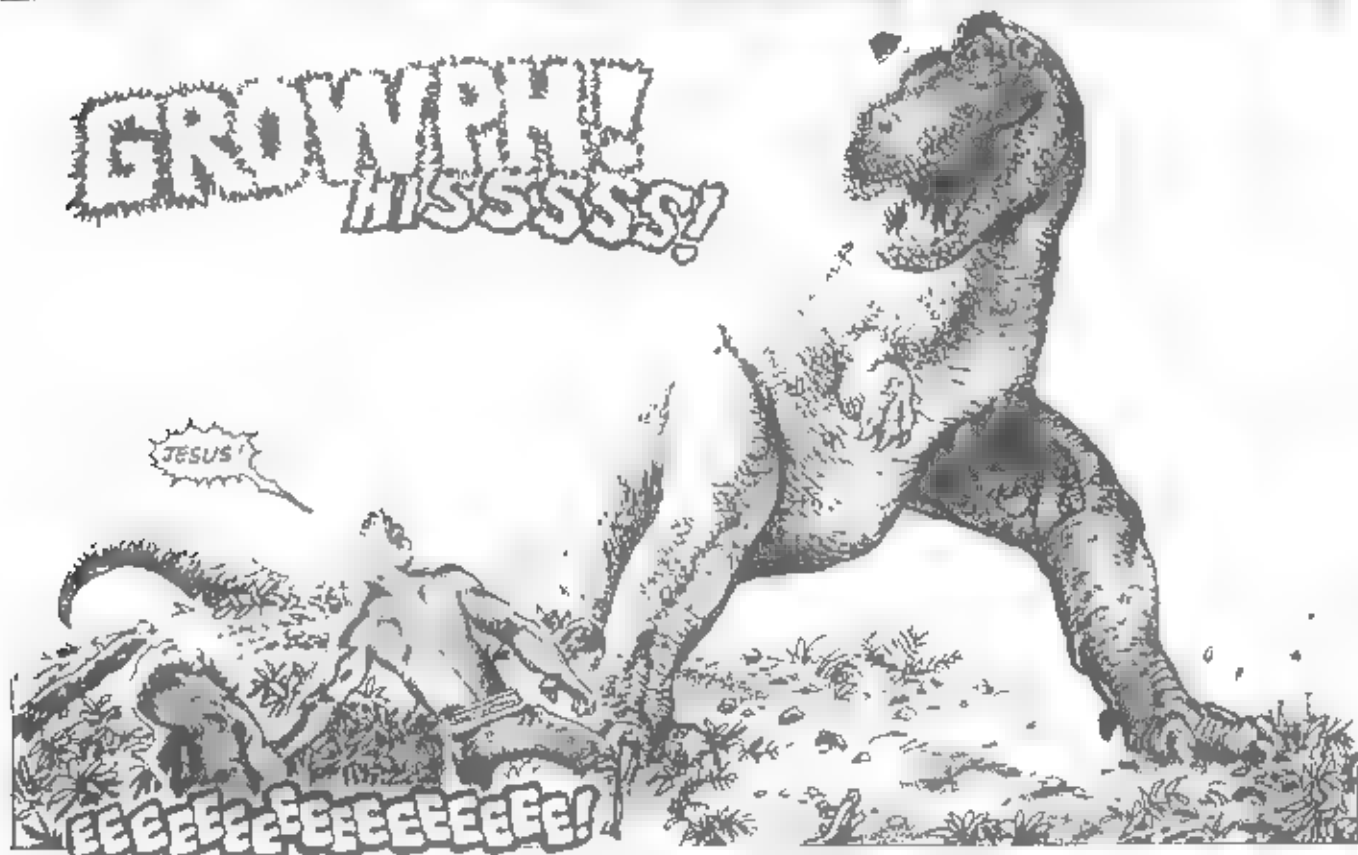
ARE YOU  
READY TO LISTEN  
TO ME NOW?

PLEASE  
JEFF. I'M SO  
TIRED.

JUST A LITTLE  
FURTHER, PRINCESS.  
WE'LL BE SAFER UP ON HIGH  
GROUND. THE BIG LIZARDS  
STICK CLOSE TO THE  
MARSH.

LISTEN!  
THE GROUND'S  
SHAKING.  
WHAT IS  
IT?









IT'S

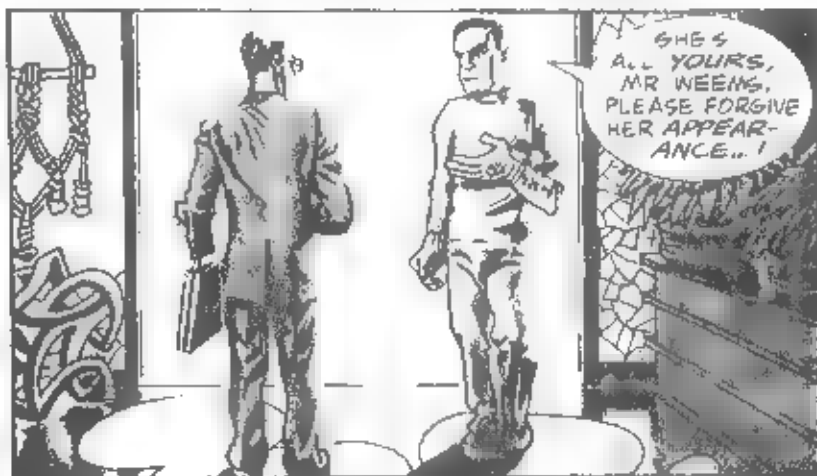
A MONTH, KAREN. I WANT YOU TO STOP ACTING THIS WAY. LYING AROUND FOR WEEKS N A FLUNK ISN'T GOING TO BRING JEFF BACK - NOTHING WILL! IT'S TIME YOU FACED THAT.. AND TIME YOU STOPPED BLAMING YOURSELF. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT PERIOD. NOW, I WANT YOU TO SHAPE UP AND COME BACK TO WORK.

MR WEEMS IS HERE FROM FEDERATION RESEARCH. HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU NOW GET DRESSED AND BE NICE TO HIM. IT'S IMPORTANT. OKAY?

# TIME AND TIME AGAIN



KAREN?  
ARE YOU LISTENING  
TO ME? I'M SENDING  
HIM IN WHETHER  
YOU'RE DRESSED  
OR NOT!



SHE'S  
ALL YOURS,  
MR WEEMS.  
PLEASE FORGIVE  
HER APPEAR-  
ANCE..!



"SO YOU SEE, MRS. HUDSON IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT WE RETRIEVE THE PISTOL JEFF LYENDECKER DROPPED IN THE MARSH WHEN HE WENT BACK TO RESCUE YOU. IF WE ALLOW IT TO REMAIN IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE IT MIGHT SET OFF AN ENTIRE CHAIN OF UNPLEASANT EVENTS..."



FOR INSTANCE: WHAT IF SOME WANDERING NEANDERTHAL SHOULD ONE DAY COME ACROSS THE WEAPON? GRANTED BY THEN IT WILL HAVE CORRODED BEYOND FUNCTIONING; HOWEVER THE BASIC PRINCIPLE BEHIND ITS DESIGN MIGHT REGISTER IN HIS PRIMITIVE BRAIN. IF FIREARMS WERE DISCOVERED CENTURIES BEFORE THEIR TIME IT COULD DISRUPT HISTORY ALARMINGLY! - THE GERMANS MAY HAVE WON WWII!

THERE ARE OTHER TELEPATHISTS WE COULD SEND, BUT NONE WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE REGION.

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU MEAN THE GUN REMAINS IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE? EVEN AFTER JEFF HAS STOPPED MENTAL PROJECTION?



YES...AN UNFORSEEN DEVELOPMENT, ONCE INANIMATE OBJECTS TRAVERSE THE TIME BARRIER THEY BECOME PERMANENTLY SOLIDIFIED...NO LONGER MERELY A PART OF THE VOYAGER'S MIND. UNLESS THEY'RE RETRIEVED WITHIN AN HOUR.

...YES OF WH. THAT WAS THE PROPOSAL...

OKAY, MR. WEEMS YOU'VE GOT YOUR TELEPATHIST--ON THESE CONDITIONS...

...AND I WANT A KEY TO THE LAB IN CASE I NEED TO DO ANY LATE-NIGHT HOMEWORK ON THE CRETACEOUS AGE AGREED?



AND YOU WANT ME TO GO BACK AND FETCH IT FOR YOU... BACK TO THE PLACE JEFF PULLED ME OUT OF THE RIVER?



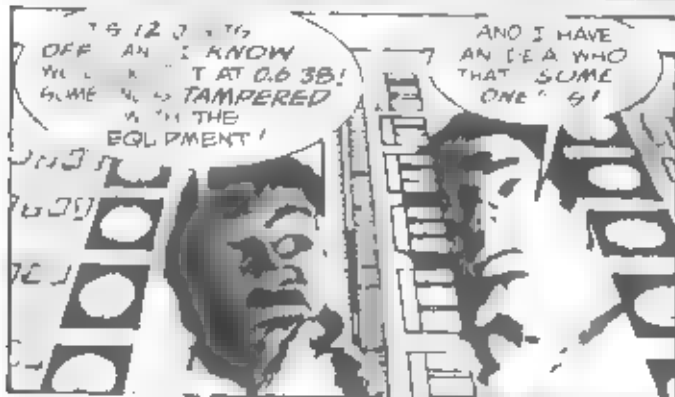
I WANT FREE ACCESS TO ALL VIDEO TAPES OF THE FIRST TRIP, PLUS THE RIGHT TO ANY EQUIPMENT I DEEM NECESSARY.

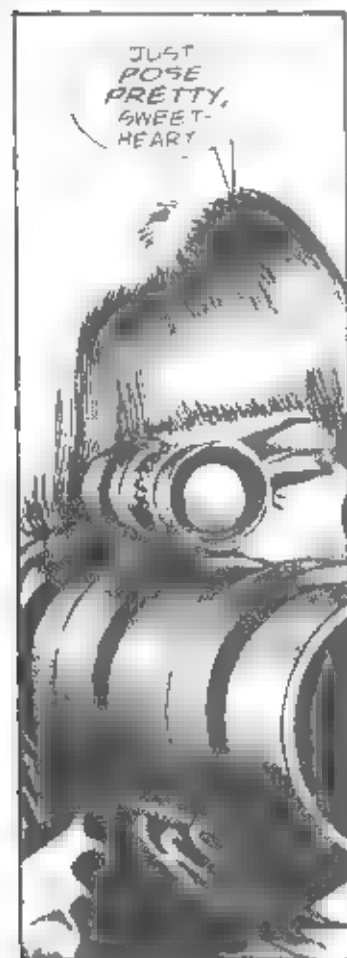


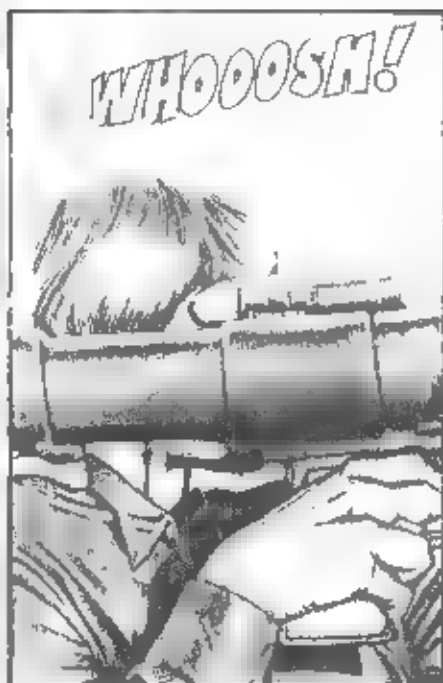
I... (GULP!) THAT'S... WHAT-EVER YOU WISH. UH... MY DEAR...







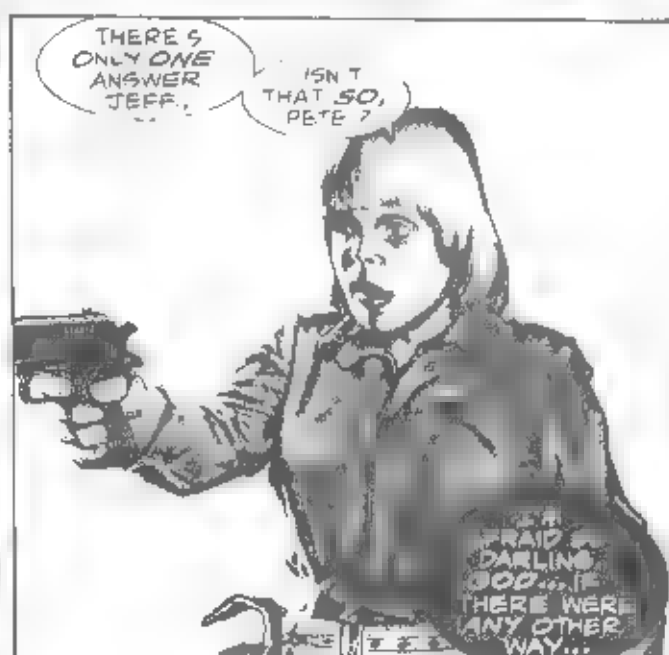


















ON A ROUTINE TRIP to the Cretaceous period, an earthquake shook the Time Travel Lab, injuring Karen and stranding her image in the past without memory. Karen's husband Pete, commissioned ace Time Traveler Jeff Lyendecker, Karen's old lover, to rescue her. At the Lab, a surgeon worked frantically to repair Karen's damaged brain while in the past a huge Tyrannosaurus attacked the fearful couple. At the last minute, the operation proved successful. Karen's image returned to her body, but Lyendecker died in the attack.

KAREN RETURNED to the Cretaceous, bent on revenge. She destroyed the marauding Tyrannosaurus, killing the beast too early. Jeff and her former memoryless image remained alive. Karen was ordered to shoot Jeff to coordinate Past and Present. But before she could pull the trigger, her amnesiac image attacked. As her two selves struggled, the gun went off. At the Lab, Karen awoke. Lyendecker alone had returned to the present and now inhabited Karen's body.

# Years @ Mind Forever

OKAY, OKAY THAT'S A VERY PRETTY PICTURE OF THE LAST TRIP. SO WHAT HAVE YOU GOT RUSS? C'MON I'M A BUSY MAN!

HOLD ON A SECOND, PETE. YOU HAVE TO WATCH CLOSELY... IT TOOK ME EIGHTY RUN THROUGHS TO SPOT IT.

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS TAKE KEPT BOTHERING ME. SOMETHING ABOUT THE LIGHTING-- IT LOOKED ALMOST ARTIFICIAL, LIKE IN A MOVIE STUDIO. ANYWAY, I KEPT PLAYING IT OVER AND OVER TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT AND THEN I SAW SOMETHING A LITTLE STRANGE!

S COMING UP NOW IN A SEC THERE! HERE I'LL FREEZE THE PICTURE NOW. SEE ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY? LOOK CLOSELY.

REMEMBER, WE'RE LOOKING THROUGH FLUORESCENT KAREN'S EYES AT PAST KAREN AND JEFF LYENDECKER.

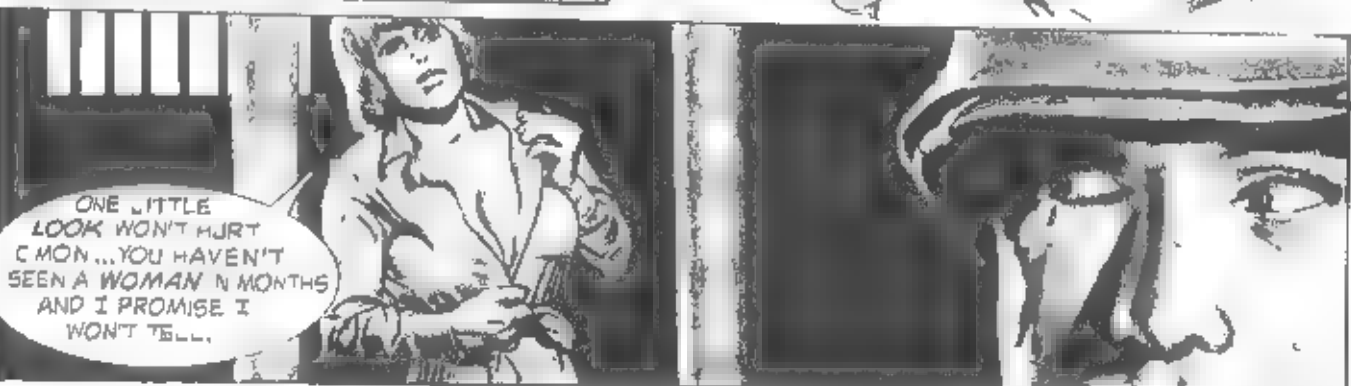
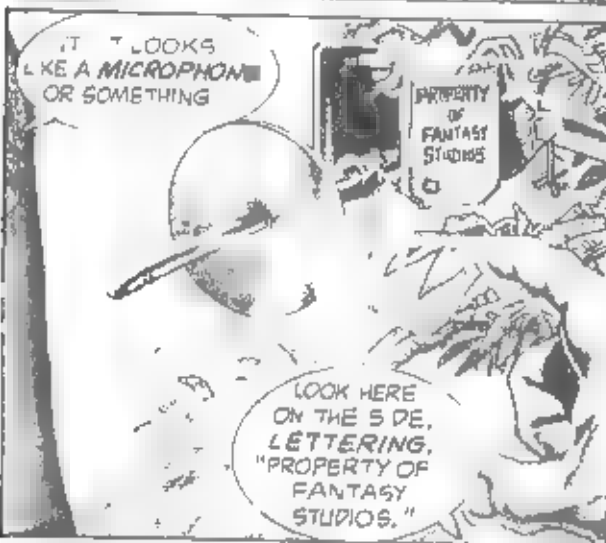
OKAY I'LL PULL IN TIGHTER THERE.

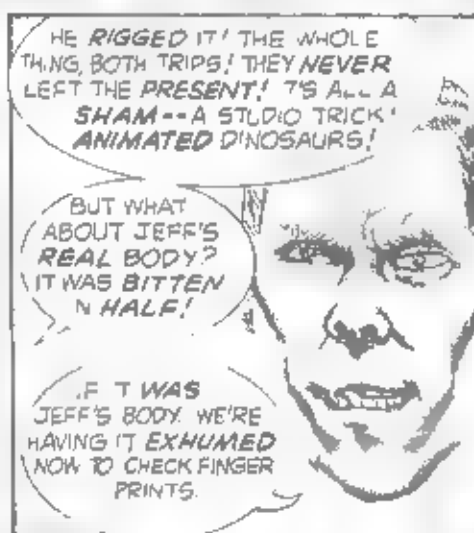
NOW WHAT DO YOU SEE?

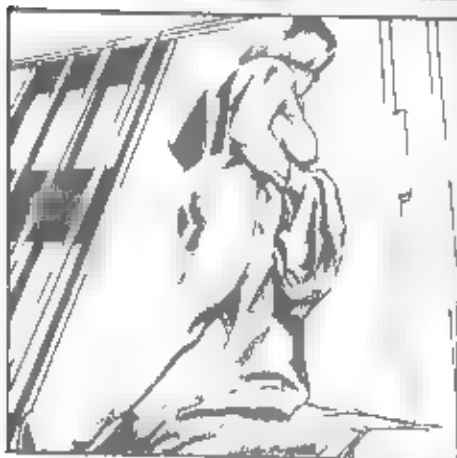
LOOK I'VE SEEN THIS TAPE BEFORE, RUSS. WHAT'S THE BIG MYSTERY?

"NOTH WAIT! WHAT'S HANGING IN THAT TREE BEHIND THEM?"





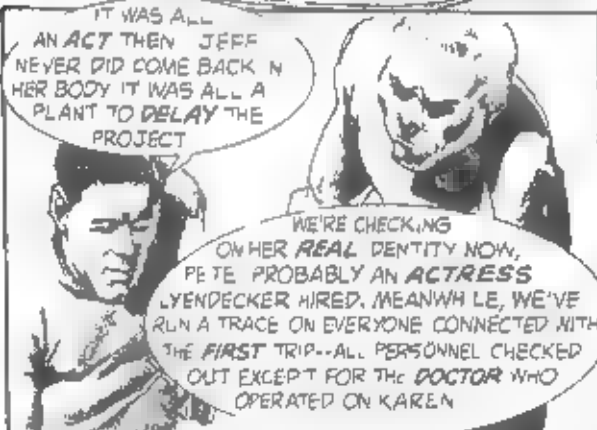






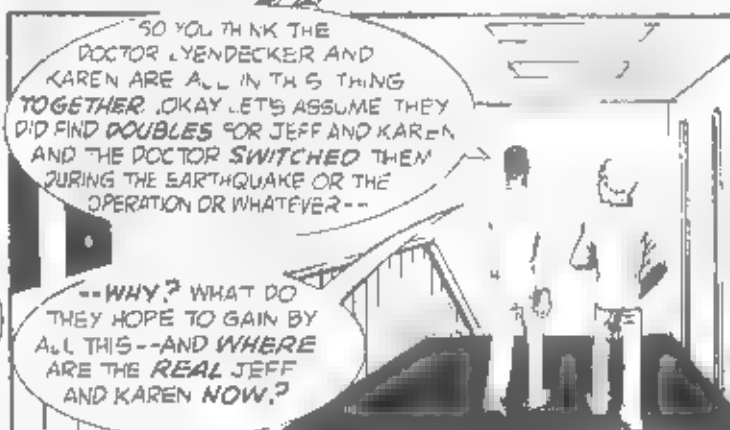
THIS ISN'T  
MY WIFE

SHE HAD HER  
APPENDIX REMOVED  
SIX YEARS AGO THERE  
SHOULD BE A SCAR.



IT WAS ALL  
AN ACT THEN JEFF  
NEVER DID COME BACK IN  
HER BODY IT WAS ALL A  
PLAN TO DELAY THE  
PROJECT

WE'RE CHECKING  
ON HER REAL IDENTITY NOW,  
PETE. PROBABLY AN ACTRESS  
LYENDECKER HIRED. MEANWHILE, WE'VE  
RUN A TRACE ON EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH  
THE FIRST TRIP--ALL PERSONNEL CHECKED  
OUT EXCEPT FOR THE DOCTOR WHO  
OPERATED ON KAREN



SO YOU THINK THE  
DOCTOR LYENDECKER AND  
KAREN ARE ALL IN THIS THING  
TOGETHER. OKAY LET'S ASSUME THEY  
DID FIND DOUBLES FOR JEFF AND KAREN  
AND THE DOCTOR SWITCHED THEM  
DURING THE EARTHQUAKE OR THE  
OPERATION OR WHATEVER--

--WHY? WHAT DO  
THEY HOPE TO GAIN BY  
ALL THIS--AND WHERE  
ARE THE REAL JEFF  
AND KAREN NOW?



THAT'S THE SIXTY FOUR  
DOLLAR QUESTION LYENDECKER  
BURNED ALL OF HIS RECORDS. ALL WE  
COULD FIND WAS THIS SCRAP. ENTENDING  
THE TERTIARY AGE. WE DECIDED  
TO BEGIN SEARCHING THERE



GREG--OUR PHONY  
JAIL GUARD-- IS SECOND ONLY TO  
LYENDECKER IN TELEPATHIC ABILITIES  
WHILE OUR TEAM SEARCHES HERE FOR  
THE PHYSICAL BODIES OF JEFF  
AND KAREN GREG WILL BE  
LOOKING IN THE PAST.



THE PAST?  
YOU MEAN LYENDECKER  
HAS ACCESS TO ANOTHER  
LAB SOMEWHERE?



WE THINK HE  
MIGHT BE WORKING  
FOR ANOTHER  
GOVERNMENT.

CAREFUL, NOW.  
GREG REMEMBER  
SOME OF THE BIG REPTILES  
MAY STILL BE ALIVE IN  
THIS AGE



BUT AT WHAT  
SPECIFIC SPOT DO WE  
KNOW HE'LL ENCOUNTER  
JEFF AND KAREN?



WE'RE TRYING  
ANCIENT KANSAS. LYEN  
DECKER'S NOTES INDICATED  
HE MIGHT BEGIN  
THERE

ANYTHING  
GREG?

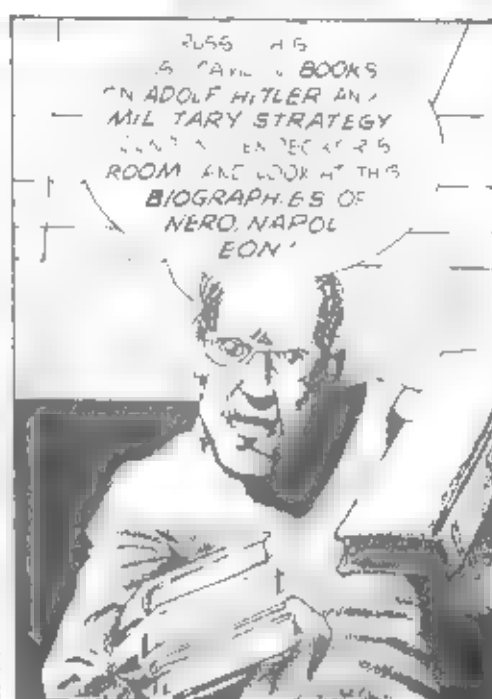
SOMETHING UNUSUAL  
DOWN HERE ON THE  
BEACH. I'M GOING TO  
TAKE A LOOK



SOMEBODY'S  
LAUNCHED A CRAFT OF  
SOME KIND HERE. PROBABLY  
A RUBBER RAFT FROM  
THE LOOKS OF THESE  
MARKS



THAT'S  
GOT TO BE  
THEM!









# THE COMIC BOOKS

by Joe Brancatelli

## ROLL OVER, BRANCATELLI

**T**hirty months is a magic—though seldom mentioned—number in the comic-book business. As best as anyone can figure, the average comic-book reader buys a particular comic magazine for only about two-and-a-half years and then moves on to another comic or magazine or medium. As coincidence would have it, it is now 30 months (and 25 columns) since I began writing this column for *Creepy*, *Eerie* and *Vampirella*. So what say you and I take a look at my clips and see how I've done? Since the figures say this may well be the last time you and I get together like this, it'll probably be good therapy for both of us.

**I**n my premier column (July 1976), I complained that Marvel, DC and Warren were too quick to fill editorial slots with long-time comic-book hacks. These recycled folks, for the most part, were simply too close to the industry—and too unimaginative—to see its immense problems, I said.

Since that time, Marvel has hired some comparatively new blood. Jim Shooter, who left the business almost a decade ago and returned only recently, was hired as editor. He's making some good progress on the production side, observers say, and hopes to turn to the editorial content as soon as feasible. Rick Marschall, a former newspaper syndicate editor and a comic-art critic, was installed as head of the special projects department. Reports indicate he's been a most valuable edition already.

DC, unfortunately, wasn't as lucky. They went outside the business to get a new publisher after they bombed out with Carmine Infantino, a fine artist who was an awful executive. Jenette Kahn has proved to

be just as awful as Infantino ever was and has a terrible habit of blaming every DC problem on "her predecessor." Infantino was a disaster, but, in all fairness, he did not create original sin, something Ms. Kahn would have you believe.

**C**olumn number five (January 1977) reported that Warner Communications had been trying to sell off its troubled Warner Books division, which included DC, *Mad*, Paperback Library and Independent News, the magazine distributor. Warner pulled the division off the market, however, after the first several offers came in at embarrassingly low levels. Corporate ego was involved, too. When you're Warner Communications, with a booming TV and movie business (Warner Bros.), three record companies bringing in hordes of megabucks (Warner, Atlantic, Elektra/Asylum), a growing toy division (Atari, Knickerbocker) and a highly-publicized investment in cable-TV (The Qube System), you don't sell out a division—even an unprofitable one—for peanuts. It's admitting defeat.

**T**he next column (February 1977) suggested a potential short term solution to the comic-book sales decline: a 50 per cent reduction in the number of titles published by DC and Marvel. Fewer titles, I theorized, would relieve the glut on the newsstand, extend shelf life of remaining titles and cut costs without severely hurting sales.

Shortly after the column appeared, I got a condescending note from DC flak Mike Gold telling me the idea was ridiculous. Warner Communications officials apparently came to the same conclusions I did, however. Earlier this year, Warner Books chairman William Sarnoff and Jay Emmett, a Warner Com-

munications director, ordered an immediate 40 per cent cutback in the DC line. No DC personnel were consulted before the decision was made. Sources at Marvel report Stan Lee and Jim Shooter have discussed a title cutback, too.

**M**y May 1977 column made a host of predictions: that then Marvel editor Archie Goodwin would resign; that Marvel's *Godzilla* would be a hot new seller, that Warner Communications would come down hard on Jenette Kahn; that the quality of Phil Seuling's 1977 Comic Art Convention would decide the show's future; and that distributors and retailers would ultimately reject DC's \$1 books.

For the record: Goodwin resigned to return to writing earlier this year; *Godzilla* is selling like crazy, Warner initiated the DC cutback without consulting Jenette Kahn and she wasn't even in town when the order came down, and Seuling's 1977 convention was an esthetic disaster and 1978 attendance in New York slipped from a mid-1970s high of 10,000 to barely 3,000 people. I was wrong on the \$1 books, however. Seems that, compared to the 35-cent books, they're selling pretty well.

**I**n August 1977, I reported the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) had forced Hudson Drugs to stop selling Spider-Man brand vitamins because it feared the comic character's influence with children. Recently, the FTC has initiated a new investigation, this one covering product advertising in comic books. One of the targets: the exploitation of comic-book characters in the advertisements.

That same column also criticized DC flak Mike Gold for his frivolous conduct as DC's public relations man. His response? He took me off his press release list. I survived.

Three different columns (November 1977 and March and April 1978) discussed my objections to Marvel's decision to publish *KISS*. Buyers obviously didn't agree. Sales topped 500,000, a follow-up comic is in the works and Marvel is planning a rock-comic line.

In January 1978, I criticized Warner Communications for promoting The New York Cosmos, the company soccer team, while ignoring DC Comics. The situation hasn't changed much, but the aforementioned corporate cutback at DC indicates Warner won't let DC run its own asylum very much longer. Two months later, I suggested DC's editors were lying when they informed freelance artists and writers that all new DC comic books would be advertising-free and contain 32 pages of stories. As it turned out, DC editors were lying. They were, in reality, planning a line of 40-page, 50-cent comics. The 50 cent line went in the Sarnoff/Emmett-initiated cutback.

**I** devoted my May 1978 column to lambasting the Warren line of comics and explaining my non-relationship with the company. Jim Warren, to his credit, never flinched. Nor did I get responses from Warren employees. But I sure offended the mysterious gremlin who writes the table-of-contents page. Since that column appeared, the unknown writer has gotten in his/her share of cheap shots. The gremlin suggested in the contents page that one column (*Vampi* 72) had "a touch of the blarney." I was introduced in *Vampi* 71 as "Warren's favorite fictionalist." I may be hard on the comics, gang, but I've always done it under my own name and never hide behind an anonymous contents page.

(TOUCHÉ—the Gremlin)



FOLLOW ME, FEAR FANCIERS...WE'RE GOING DEEP WITHIN AN ABANDONED MINESHAFT IN THE SOUTHWEST...ALTHOUGH ABANDONED IS A MISLEADING WORD, BECAUSE FROM HERE IT'S NOT SUCH A LONG STEP UNTIL WE'RE FACE TO FACE WITH...

# The Terror Beyond Time!

YOU'RE HALF INDIAN TERHUNE, NOT HALF-GOAT! WAIT'LL THE OTHERS CATCH UP...IF WEYMOUTH WENT DOWN WITH THIS SLIDE, YOU WON'T HELP BY FALLING ON TOP OF HIM.

A LONG TIME AGO THERE WAS A SILVER BOOM, EVERYBODY WITH A SHOVEL WAS DIGGING FOR IT. THE SILVER'S GONE NOW, BUT THE MOUNTAINS ARE HONEY-COMBED WITH MINESHAFTS TO PROVE IT WAS THERE ONCE. WHY PROFESSOR NILES WEYMOUTH WANTED TO GO WANDERING AROUND THROUGH THEM NOBODY KNEW, BUT WHEN HE DIDN'T COME BACK, EVERYBODY DECIDED TO FIND OUT...AND AS DEPUTY SHERIFF, I WAS RIGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE PACK...

JUST HOLD THE LIGHT STEADY, MONTE... I THINK I SEE SOMETHING OVER THERE!

A Marble River Scan

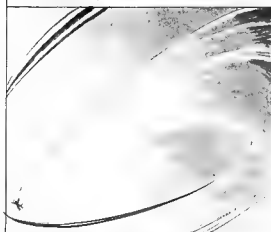
ART BY NEAL ADAMS SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN



UNTIL, BEFORE I REALIZED IT, I WAS  
IN THE MIDDLE OF IT...BATHED AND  
SURROUNDED BY BRILLIANCE...



THE OVERWHELMING GLOW BECAME A SWIRL-  
ING VORTEX PULLING ME, DRAWING ME, FURTHER  
AND FURTHER, DEEPER AND DEEPER...



THEN IT WAS  
ALL OVER...  
AND JUST  
BEGINNING!



T--THIS IS *INSANE*...  
IT CAN'T *BE*! THERE'S  
NO WAY...

HAS TO BE SOME  
EXPLANATION...THE  
FALL MUST HAVE DONE  
SOMETHING TO M...  
WHAT TH...!



OH, GOD!





POSSIBLY, IT WAS LUCK, PROBABLY IT WAS TRAINING...MY SENSES MIGHT'VE LEFT ME, BUT MY REFLEXES HADN'T...



THE LEATHER WINGED HORROR RENT THE AIR WITH A NIGHTMARE SCREECH, AND DROPPED LIKE STONE...



THE SPONGY FLOOR OF THE MARSH KEPT THE GARGOYLE BODY FROM CRUSHING ME, AND SHEER REVULSION GOT ME OUT FROM UNDER IT QUICKLY...



PTERODACTYL! NO HALLUCINATION EVER LOOKED OR FELT **THIS** REAL! I'M IN THE PREHISTORIC PAST...



...OR SOMEWHERE!





WITH A GRUNT, THEY WERE ON ME! A TERRIBLE TIDE OF HALF-ANIMAL SAVAGES... TOO MANY AND TOO CLOSE TO EFFECTIVELY USE MY GUN.



...BUT NOT A CLUB!

THE TOUCH OF DAMP CLOTH TO MY HEAD BROUGHT ME AROUND BUT OPENING MY EYES PLACED A BURDEN ON MY SANITY...

WHO...? HOW DID YOU...?

I AM CALLED LENORE... LIKE THYSELF I AM A PRISONER OF THE HAIRY ONES...



WHERE ARE WE, LENORE? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

TO THE FIRST, I KNOW NOT SURELY, SAVE IT IS A PLACE MOST TERRIBLE! AS FOR MY HOME, IT IS ENGLAND... WOULD I BE THERE ONCE MORE!



I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

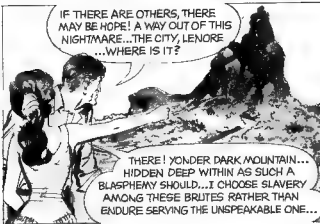
YET BETTER HERE THAN THE CITY OF THE UNSPEAKABLE ONE! THOUGH THERE BE THOSE LIKE OURSELVES WHO CHOOSE OTHERWISE...




THERE'S A CITY? WITH OTHER PEOPLE LIKE OURSELVES?

ALIKE... BUT OF VARIOUS MANNER AND AGES UN-DREAMT OF... AS SURELY THOU ARE NOT OF MY TIME!

IF THERE ARE OTHERS, THERE MAY BE HOPE! A WAY OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE... THE CITY, LENORE... WHERE IS IT?



THERE! YONDER DARK MOUNTAIN... HIDDEN DEEP WITHIN AS SUCH A BLASPHEMY SHOULD... I CHOOSE SLAVERY AMONG THESE BRUTES RATHER THAN ENDURE SERVING THE UNSPEAKABLE ONE...



I FELT A CHILL AS SHE SPOKE. FROM THE PRESENT SITUATION, LENORE OBVIOUSLY WAS NOT ONE EASILY FRIGHTENED...YET HER EYES GREW WIDE IN TERROR AS SHE STARED AT THE MOUNTAIN...

WHO...WHAT...IS THE  
UNSEPARABLE ONE?

I-I KNOW NOT CERTAINLY...  
I DID BUT ONCE FAINTLY  
GLIMPSE WITHIN ITS  
CHAMBER AND

WHATEVER HORROR THE GIRL FROM THE MIDDLE AGES  
WAS ABOUT TO HINT AT WAS SUDDENLY OBLITERATED BY  
SCREAMS HERALDING DANGER MORE IMMEDIATE...

**TYRANNOSAURS!**





EVEN AS I HEARD THE WORDS, I FOUND NO LOGICAL REASON TO BELIEVE THEM...BUT, MAYBE BECAUSE THEY WERE SPOKEN IN REGULAR AMERICANIZED ENGLISH, MAYBE BECAUSE I SAW THE TORCHES WEREN'T WORKING...  
I STOPPED...



THESE AREN'T QUITE THE MONSTERS THEY APPEAR...THERE IS A WILL THAT CONTROLS THEM...THAT CONTROLS THIS ENTIRE WORLD.

TYRANOSAURS SO WELL CONTROLLED THEY **RAVAGE AN ENTIRE CAMP...**? YOU SURE **THEY** KNOW ABOUT THIS WILL...?

WAIT-A-MINUTE I **KNOW** YOU... YOU'RE...

**MILES WEYMOUTH!** I HARDLY EXPECTED ANYONE TO SEARCH FOR ME **THIS** FAR! BUT SINCE YOU'RE HERE, YOU MUST MEET **THE MASTER!**


FINDING YOU WAS MY JOB PROFESSOR...I JUST DIDN'T COUNT ON IT'S BEING SO INVOLVED! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

**THERE!** THAT'S WHAT IT'S ABOUT...THAT'S WHAT THIS WHOLE PLACE IS ABOUT! YOU'D BEST COME WITH ME...

TO THE CITY... THE CITY IN THE MOUNTAIN...


**NO!** THOU MUST NOT! HE SERVES THE UNSPEAKABLE ONE. OF ALL IN THE CITY ONLY THIS ONE **SOUGHT** TO COME THERE. **DO NOT GO!**

WELL, WEYMOUTH...?



**SERVE HIM?**  
OF COURSE I SERVE **THE MASTER**...EVERYTHING EVERYBODY THAT COMES HERE SERVES HIM...THOSE REPTILES ATTACK ON HIS COMMAND ...THESE PRIMITIVES DIED FOR NOT SERVING HIM WELL...


**THIS IS HIS WORLD, HIS TIME!**



THAT'S CRAZY, WEYMOUTH!  
STARK MADNESS! YOU'RE A PROFESSOR ...A MAN OF INTELLIGENCE...**USE IT!** HELP US GET OUT OF THIS INSANITY!

OUT? YES, I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY OUT... **NOW!**

HE SETS FORTH HIS GLOWING TRAPS, REAPING A HARVEST FROM ALL CENTURIES, ALL AGES ...FROM THIS TIME OF HIS OWN MAKING HE WEAVES A WEB THROUGH ALL HISTORY... THOSE CAUGHT IN IT SERVE OR PERISH! I, THE GIRL, **you!**

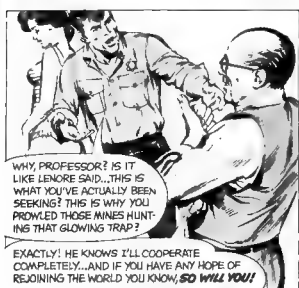


ONE MOMENT I WAS PULLING AT WEYMOUTH'S JACKET, THE NEXT THAT VORTEX FORCE WAS PULLING BOTH OF US...DRAWING, SPINNING, WHIRLING US, WITH THE SAME POWER THAT HAD THRUST ME INTO THE WHOLE NIGHTMARE TO BEGIN WITH...

IT ENDED MUCH SOONER THAN THE FIRST TIME, AND I WASN'T OUT OF ANYTHING...

W-WHERE ARE WE, WEYMOUTH? WAS THAT A SUMMONS FROM THAT...THING?

YOU FLATTER YOURSELF, TERHUNE...THIS HAS BEEN MY DOING! HE'S ALLOWED ME CERTAIN LIMITED USE OF SOME POWERS TO FURTHER HIS WILL...



WHY, PROFESSOR? IS IT LIKE LENORE SAID...THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE ACTUALLY BEEN SEEKING? THIS IS WHY YOU PROWLED THOSE MINES HUNTING THAT GLOWING TRAP?

EXACTLY! HE KNOWS I'LL COOPERATE COMPLETELY...AND IF YOU HAVE ANY HOPE OF REJOINING THE WORLD YOU KNOW, **SO WILL YOU!**



FOR YEARS I FOUND HINTS OF THIS PLACE... THIS TIME BEYOND TIME...REFERENCES IN OBSCURE VOLUMES OF THE FABLED CITY OF THE DARK MOUNTAIN...

**HE** ARRANGES THEM, KNOWING SOME DAY, SOMETIME THEY'LL ATTRACT BELIEVERS...LIKE ME!



IN TIME, ANYTHING HE WANTS COMES TO HIM...SOME INTENTIONALLY, SOME ACCIDENTLY, LIKE YOU...DINOSAURS FROM THE JURASSIC, NEANDERTHALS FROM THE PALEOLITHIC...EGYPTIANS, ROMANS, ANY AGE OF THE WORLD...



MY MIND WAS GROWING DRUNK ON WEYMOUTH'S RAWINGS, BUT IN THAT SETTING, AFTER WHAT HAD HAPPENED, WHO COULD DOUBT HIM...

AND MOST WHO COME TO HIM BECOME FINGERS TO REACH BACK INTO THE PATH OF TIME AND CLAW OUT MORE...HE EXISTS TO CONQUER AND CONTROL, AND IN THIS MANNER, ONE DAY, **HE WILL!**



ZOMBIE-LIKE, I REELED AFTER THE PROFESSOR...PHYSICAL MENACES LIKE THE GIANT REPTILES, THE CAVE MEN, I COULD UNDERSTAND AND COMBAT, BUT THE MASTER WEYMOUTH SERVED REMAINED TERRIFYINGLY BEYOND MY GRASP...

THESE PEOPLE... THEY ALL SEEM TO BE WAITING...

THEY ARE, DEPUTY! WAITING TO BE **USED**, AS I VOLUNTEERED TO BE! THEY'LL RETURN TO THEIR WORLDS...WITH **HIM** IN THEIR MINDS! MINUTE PROBES THAT BIT BY BIT GAIN HIM MORE OF A HOLD...



THAT'S WHAT YOU MEANT!  
THAT'S THE WAY I CAN ESCAPE  
THIS PLACE...AS A HOST FOR HIM!  
WHAT IS HE, WEYMOUTH?  
WHAT IS HE?

HE'S AN  
EXISTENCE, TERHUNE,  
A FACT...TO EACH  
MAN DIFFERENT! TO  
ME HE IS **POWER**,  
**FORCE**, A MOVER  
BEHIND LIFE...



LOOK ON HIM, DEPUTY  
...SEE WHAT HE IS  
YOURSELF!

OH, LORD!  
OH, MY  
GOD!



I LOOKED DOWN AND KNEW WHAT **HE** WAS TO ME...IF **EVIL** WAS  
NOT AN ABSTRACT CONCEPT, IF IT WAS A **LIVING BEING**...  
THEN I WOULD HAVE BEEN STARING IT IN THE FACE!



CAN...CAN  
IT SEE US?

NOT NOW, HE IS  
OCCUPIED! THE GLOW  
MEANS AT SOMETIME,  
AT SOME POINT IN  
HISTORY, HE USES SOME  
ONE...PERHAPS NOW, HE  
GUIDES AN ATTILA,  
A NAPOLEON, A  
HITLER...

AND SOON, IT WILL BE **ME!** I HUNGER FOR THE DESTINY **HIS** FORCE MAY GIVE ME...AFTER THAT, PERHAPS **YOU!** A DEPUTY SHERIFF, YOUNG, BRAVE...**HE** MAY GUIDE YOU INTO POLITICS, GOVERNMENT...

NO...

NO...

NO...



**NO!** I WON'T BE A PART OF ANYTHING WITH...**T-THAT!**



**RUN!** IT DOESN'T MATTER! **HE** DOESN'T CARE! THERE IS NO PLACE TO ESCAPE...ONE DAY YOU **MUST** COME TO HIM, OR PERISH IN HIS LAND! ETERNITIES ARE SECONDS TO HIM...**ONE DAY YOU'LL COME!**



I FLED FROM THE MOUNTAIN, MY EARS RINGING WITH WEYMOUTH'S TERRIBLE WORDS, MY EYES BURNING FROM THE SIGHT OF THAT WRITHING MASS OF OBSCENITY...

ONLY AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN DID MY MIND FREE ITSELF OF THE HORROR I'D JUST WITNESSED... A SCREAM CUT THROUGH TO ME...



EEEEEEEEEE

**LENORE!**







LENORE AND I HAD BUT ONE MOMENT OF PEACE IN THAT LAND OF HORROR. WE MADE IT A LONG ONE...LATER, I REPAIRED THE PISTOL, PUTTING IT BACK INTO WORKING ORDER...

DARK THOUGHTS CREASE THY BROW, MY JAMES...THEY ARE THOUGHTS OF THE UNSPEAKABLE ONE...

IF IT DIES...IF IT **CAN** DIE, OR BE HURT...PERHAPS THOSE HELD HERE BY ITS WILL WOULD BE RELEASED...



THERE WAS NO MORE SAID THAN THAT. NO QUESTION OF MY NOT TRYING IT, NO QUESTION OF HER NOT ACCOMPANYING ME...

IF IT'S USING SOMEONE, IF IT'S OCCUPIED, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE...

BUT EVEN IF WE SUCCEED, WHAT THEN...? SHE'LL BE IN HER CENTURY AND I IN MINE.



THIS IS ABSURD! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO DO...GO BACK YOU KNOW I HAVE THE POWER TO STOP YOU.



AND I HAVE THE POWER TO PUT A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD BEFORE YOU CAN DO IT!

YOU'RE SUCH A FOOL, TERHUNE, TO TRY THIS...YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE NOBLE FOOLS WHO'LL SHOOT IF THREATENED... BUT WHAT IF I JUST TURN, AND RUN IN TO **HIM**?

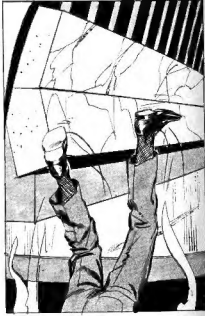


I'LL STILL SHOOT, WEYMOUTH! TO DESTROY THAT THING, I'LL STILL SHOOT...

**LOOK OUT!  
PROTECT YOURSELF!  
ASSASSINS!  
ASSASSINS!**



**WEYMOUTH!  
STOP! DON'T  
DO IT!**



I STARTED OUT TO SAVE HIM...  
MAN I'M SUPPOSED TO SAVE  
AND I **KILLED** HIM...

HASTE, MY LOVE!  
**THOU MUST  
ACT NOW!**



LENORE'S CRY BROUGHT ME TO MY SENSES. THE GLOW WAS FADING ON THE THING WEYMOUTH HAD WORSHIPED. ITS GREAT QUIVERING BULK TURNING A DARK ANGRY COLOR... EVEN AS I BEGAN FIRING, EMPTYING THE CHAMBER, A TERRIBLE FORCE LASHED OUT STRIKING AROUND US LIKE AN INVISIBLE RIPTIDE... THE VORTEX OPENED AGAIN, FOR THE LAST TIME. NOW A TREMENDOUS MAELSTROM, DASHING ME, CRUSHING ME AGAINST MY OWN TORTURED THOUGHTS AND FEARS, DRAGGING ME DOWN! YET THROUGH ITS FURY, ONE SMALL VOICE CAME TO ME... LENORE'S.

**JAMES! MY JAMES! MY JAMES!**

THE NEXT VOICE I HEARD WAS MONTE...



LET ME TELL YOU, OL' BUDDY, WE NEARLY GAVE YOU UP FOR LOST! GLAD TO SEE YOU COMING AROUND... FIRST WE COULDN'T FIND YOU DOWN IN THAT MINE, THEN, YOU WERE JUST ABOUT A DEAD MAN WHEN WE DID!



WHAT ABOUT WEYMOUTH?

NOT A TRACE! IF HE'D BEEN DOWN THERE, WE'D HAVE FOUND HIM LOOKING FOR YOU...



NOW I GUESS YOU CAN SAY "I TOLD YOU SO"...

ANYBODY GOES TUMBLING DOWN A ROCK SLIDE SUPPOSEDLY LOOKING FOR SOME HALF-BAKED PROFESSOR...



...AND WINDS UP BESIDE SOMEONE LIKE THIS YOUNG LADY, **MUST** KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING!

**LENORE!**



UNTIL THIS MOMENT I THOUGHT I'D DREAMED IT ALL, BUT HOW IS IT POSSIBLE...HOW?!

MY THOUGHTS WERE NEVER OF THINGS PAST, NOR DAYS REMEMBERED, ONLY OF THEE, MY JAMES. IF THIS BE THE ANSWER, I KNOW NOT, AND IF I BE WITH THEE, I CARE NOT!



LATER THERE WERE MANY QUESTIONS ASKED ABOUT LENORE AND A FEW ANSWERS TO BE GIVEN, BUT WE WERE HAPPY. AND ONLY IN QUIET MOMENTS ON GLOOMY DAYS, DO I WONDER ABOUT MY LAST SHOTS AND THE EFFECT THEY HAD, AND IF SOMEWHERE BEYOND TIME, EVIL STIRS AND GLOWING TRAPS PENETRATE CENTURIES TO WAIT FOR THOSE WHO SEEK THEM.

TIME NOW TO MOVE ON TOWARD OUR NEXT ISSUE AND... WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, FIRST YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT THAT LIGHT IS UP AHEAD? OKAY, BUT YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK IF YOU COME BACK IN A CENTURY WHEN WE'RE NOT PUBLISHING!



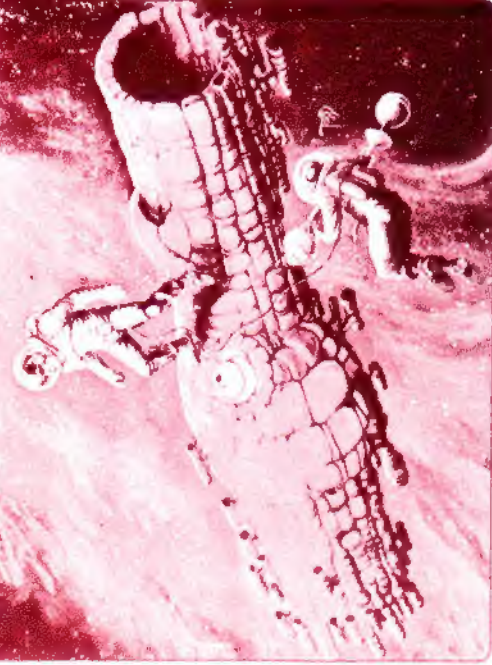


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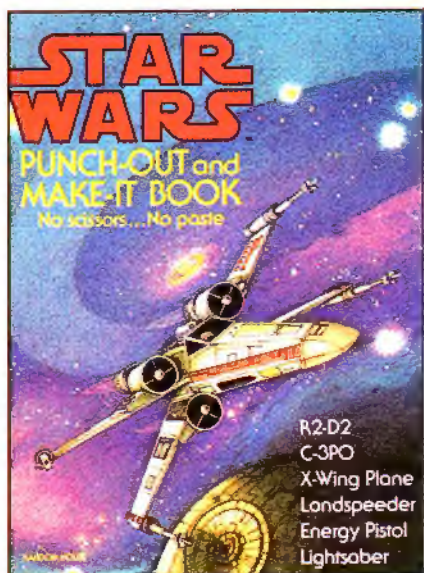
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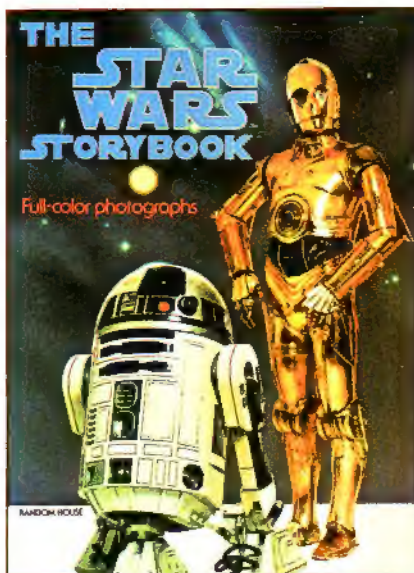
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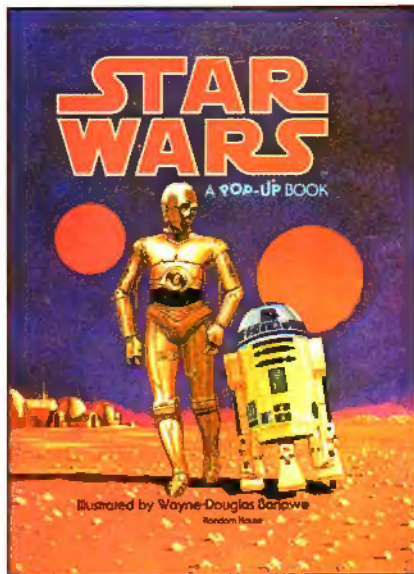
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